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RESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH,
EDITOR.

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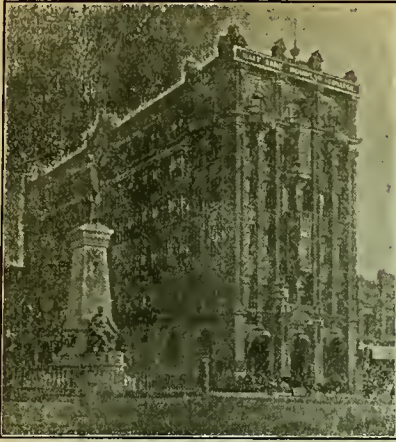
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ORGAN OF THE
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VOL. XXXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1903.

No. 18.

TITHING.



ON reading the incidents about tithe-paying which appeared in the article on tithing in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of August 15, an incident, very similar to those referred to, came to my mind, which occurred some time ago in the experience of a friend, who was in the life insurance business. He had approached a man, well-to-do, on the subject of life insurance, but the party had not made up his mind, and did not do anything about it.

Some time afterwards, my friend, who is an honest tithe-payer, was one day engaged in looking over his personal accounts, and saw that, by an oversight, he had omitted paying twelve dollars tithing due on an amount received by him. He immediately went to the Presiding Bishop's office and paid the twelve dollars.

Soon after leaving the tithing office, to his astonishment, he met, on the street, the party to whom he had spoken about life insurance some time before. His friend told him he had forgotten about the matter, and was glad he had met him, and gave him a very large fig-

ure for which he wanted an insurance policy written up, the commission on which, to my friend, was over ten times the amount of tithing he had just paid, but which, in every probability, he never otherwise would have had, as he would not have met the gentleman had he not gone, as stated, to settle up his unpaid tithing.

The same friend has a number of other experiences, very similar to the above, which he relates, all of which have shown the great good coming to him from the observance of that law.

The special feature in tithe-paying, however, should not be the expectation of an immediate material reward, but that it is the duty of a Latter-day Saint to honestly observe the law and trust the Lord for His blessing. And the Lord does not fail to do His part by the honest observers of His law.

President Lorenzo Snow showed very plainly to me in a private conversation I had with him three years ago last winter, what the great purpose of the law was, and that was the sanctifying of this land as a land of Zion. He said every Latter-day Saint who honestly observed that law stood justified before the Lord in having done his, or her,

duty in endeavoring to sanctify this as a land of Zion. He further showed me that if that law was faithfully kept by the Latter-day Saints, as a whole, the Lord would overrule all things for the good of His people here, and this land would indeed become the sanctified Zion of the Lord.

There is much more in the meaning of the law of tithing than a casual observer might suppose. Four years ago when President Snow went to St. George on a visit to the Saints in the southern part of the State, the word of the Lord, on tithing, came to him in a most wonderful way, and the spirit of it was felt by all his party, of which I was one.

Presidents Snow and Smith, and the brethren of the Twelve who were of the party, made some grand statements regarding that principle, and it was the one dwelt upon almost exclusively in every meeting held from St. George to Nephi, where the party took train for Salt Lake City.

Elder Francis M. Lyman said, in addressing the Saints at Holden, "We should pray in our prayers that we may pay our tithing. Prayer is not enough, the Sacrament is not enough; no person is safe who does not secure himself by paying an honest tithing. No man has any right to be in a position as Bishop, Counselor, High Councilor, or otherwise, who neglects it. Tithing is an anchor to the faith."

At Scipio he said, "It will do more for those who observe it than any other principle, and there is no security for any Latter-day Saint who does not practice it.

He said at Toquerville, "The Bishop and counselors of a ward should pay their tithing in full, and the Church and the people should know it."

President Joseph F. Smith stated at

Scipio that "he that failed to pay an honest tithing robbed the Lord and was a thief."

Brother Lyman also said at Toquerville that "a man who would not fully and honestly pay his tithing was unfit to hold the Priesthood, and the man who pays his tithing will lead to the Lord." He said further, "The man who will not be honest in this law will not be saved, but will dry up and fall away, sooner or later."

President Smith said at Kanosh, "Those poor who pay their tithing have a right to ask aid when wanted;" and "the Bishop is not obligated to aid any poor who have not paid their tithing."

President Snow showed at St. George that when the Saints returned to Jackson County, only those who were living up to the law of tithing honestly would be selected for that privilege, and the call would come only to the ones selected for this worthiness. He stated at Fillmore, that if the Latter-day Saints neglected this law their enemies would gain in power over them, and ultimately drive them hence; but if they observed it faithfully, they would never do so.

All this shows the far-reaching effects of the honest observance of that law, and how necessary it is for every individual who accepts the Gospel of Christ to be thoroughly and honestly converted to its practice. The *amount* paid by a Latter-day Saint is not the point sought after; it is the *honest* tithe, whether large or small, which brings the blessing of the Lord. Some differ in their view as to the proper proportion, etc., but the one who seeks humbly for the Spirit need never be at a loss as to the justness of the matter at issue. To use the expression of a most respected friend, long since passed away, when in paying to

the Bishop his tithing on certain means, and being reminded by the Bishop that it was really more than his tithe, answered, "That is all right; I don't propose to haggle with the Lord!" and he paid as he intended.

The law of tithing has been given for

a glorious purpose, and brings great reward to those who honestly accept it; for they grow in the knowledge of the Lord and His purposes, and have the peace of His Spirit as their constant companion.

William B. Dougall.



'WAY DOWN SOUTH IN MEXICO.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 495.)

WE were delayed for several hours at La Junta, owing to washouts. At eight o'clock in the morning an extra train was put on and we started once more on our journey. As far as the eye could see was one vast plain, with here and there a bunch of cattle grazing. This was the scene that our eyes gazed on hour after hour.

How slowly the train traveled! I had read a little while before of a train on which a woman and her eleven-year-old son were traveling. Before the lady reached the end of her journey, the boy had grown to be a man, and she had to pay full fare for him. I wondered if this was the same train.

This was my first trip through New Mexico, and while I had read a little about the people, I was scarcely prepared for the sights that my eyes beheld. The Mexican homes are little, four-square huts, not much larger than good-sized chicken coops. The walls are built of thick, rough adobes, and smoothed over with thin mortar, which, when dry, gives them the color of the ground. Families of a dozen and more persons often occupy one of these one-roomed houses. The people are in a poor, miserable condition, and how they manage to live is a mystery. But they appear quite happy and contented. If they

haven't got what they like, they like what they have, and I think that many of us could follow their example in this respect at least.

I saw a little Mexican woman come tripping along with her arms by her side and a large olla, filled with four or five gallons of water, balanced on her head. If these people haven't got much *in* their heads, they very often have a great deal *on* them, for it is on their heads that they carry all their bundles. And yet I didn't see one of them that had the "big head."

At Santa Fe our train was besieged by a crowd of Lamanites. They had all kinds of souvenirs for sale, from Navajo blankets down to five-cent "opals." We purchased a few trinkets, among them two "opals," for we didn't think that we could purchase these "precious stones" cheaper than for five cents each. Some of the Indian pottery gives evidence of great skill. Indian ware that in Salt Lake City would have cost us several dollars, we purchased for a very small sum. One gentleman bought some large ollas for twenty-five cents each, also an Indian bow and arrow. When he had paid for them, he began to wonder how he was going to carry them. He forgot that he was going out instead of returning home. Before he left the train he

gave almost all his purchase away. *Moral:* Don't buy things because they are cheap, unless you need them, and are able to carry them.

On our way to Albuquerque, we saw large flocks of goats, with their young. There are also many sheep in the country. The Indians have large flocks and raise nearly a million pounds of wool every year. They dispose of some of it, but the greater part they use in making

As my readers are aware, nearly all Mexicans are Catholics, and, judging from what we saw, the Catholic Church has nothing to be proud of as regards her work among this people. We visited one of their churches, where we saw abundant evidence of ignorance and idolatry. The church had no seats. Some of the worshipers brought rugs and sat on them; others seated themselves on the damp earthen floor, (the



OLD CHURCH OF SAN MIGUEL IN SANTA FE.

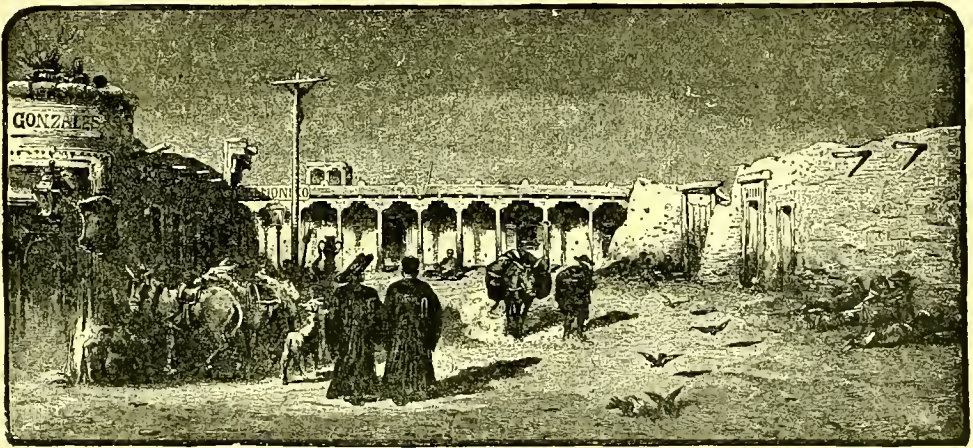
blankets. The Mexicans turn their goats into threshing machines. The grain is cut and is brought into a corral. It is spread on the ground and a number of goats are made to run over it and thresh out the wheat. We saw Mexican ponies engaged in the same work. But the Mexicans are patterning after the white man, and quite a number of them have got sulky plows and good threshing machines.

floor had just been sprinkled and swept). Images of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus were raised in conspicuous places, and the service consisted in the worshipers counting beads and muttering incoherent prayers. We showed every respect to these people. We tip-toed through the chapel, realizing we were treading on what was to them holy ground. We pitied them in their ignor-

ant worship, but respected them in their religious belief, for we realized that what "Mormonism" is to us, Catholicism is to these poor Catholics.

One thing I admire in these people is the respect they have for their priests. At Santa Fe a Catholic bishop entered the train, and a few minutes later a beautiful young woman, a school teacher, bowed to him, went over and gently kissed the back of his hand. Papa said he had been associated with Roman

feet long and two hundred feet wide, and is four stories high. How old these buildings are, no one knows. They were in existence long before Columbus discovered America, for when the Spanish monks passed through New Mexico in 1540, they found these pueblos occupied by the natives, who called them "Casas Grandes," or great houses. Whole villages of Indians used to dwell in a single pueblo, which would lead one to believe that they were used as forts. A gentle-



OLD PLAZA AT ALBUQUERQUE.

Catholics for many years, and he had never once heard one of them speak one disrespectful word of their priests. How many Latter-day Saints can say as much?

Some of the sights which interested us were the old Indian pueblos. These are groups of structures in stone laid in mortar and plastering of clay. One of these buildings is four hundred and forty

man made us a present of a small olla that his son had dug out of the ruins of an old pueblo.

After refreshing ourselves at Albuquerque, we took train again. We repaired to our berths, and when we awoke in the morning we were nearing El Paso, Texas. I will give an account of our visit to this city in my next letter.

Edith Johnson.



NOW REST, MY HEART.

Now rest, my heart!
Canst thou by fretting keep the day
From sleeping in the arms of night,
Or make one sunbeam longer stay,
Or bring one clouded star in sight?

Thou canst not keep life's pain away
From that soul dearer than thine own.
But thou canst trust each sorrow may
Bring blossoms where thorns might
have grown,
Now rest, my heart! *Selected.*

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT STUDIES.

I. THE REMNANT OF JUDAH.

AFTER Zedekiah, and the princes, the nobles, and the artisans of Judea had been taken captive to Babylon, the outlook for the Jewish nation was gloomy indeed. Jerusalem was a heap of ruins; many of the surrounding towns and villages were burned; the fields of the Judean husbandman were laid waste; and those Jews who had escaped the vengeance of the Babylonian, had fled to the mountains, or to neighboring tribes. The terrible words of the prophets were being fulfilled; the inheritance of Judah was fast approaching desolation.

However, the land was not yet wholly forsaken. When the Chaldean army retired, and carried with it thousands of the better classes of Judah, most of the fugitives returned from their hiding places; and since they represented mainly the poorer classes, they were, perhaps, the bulk of the population, and formed a considerable community. Over them, Nebuchadnezzar left a Chaldean governor, who busied himself with the affairs of the state.

It was not, however, the policy of the Chaldeans to leave garrisons in vanquished territories. As a rule, the armies retired to their own land, or were called away to new conquests. Nebuchadnezzar, therefore, after he had organized the government, looked about for a suitable person to whom it might be confided. Such a one was found in Gedaliah, who belonged to the royal house of Judah. Gedaliah was a good-natured, moderate man. He had chosen a middle course between the patriots and the prophets, and had perhaps followed Jeremiah's advice to go over to the Chaldeans.

The future of Judea seemed now somewhat brighter. Gedaliah devoted himself to the improvement of the province, and encouraged the people to return and cultivate the land. He strove to govern by gentleness, and thereby to console his people; but oftentimes he only provoked their anger, since he was deemed by many to be a traitor. However, when it was known that Gedaliah was trying to restore the Jewish glory, many Jews who had fled to Ammon, Moab, and Edom, returned and settled in and near Mizpeh, not far from Jerusalem. The prophet Jeremiah joined this community and added greatly to its strength.

If all those who returned from the neighboring nations had been contented with their lot, and had striven with Gedaliah to restore the land of Judah, the national existence of the Jews on native soil might never have been broken. But anarchy was too strong for Gedaliah's feeble attempt at restoration. Among those who returned from Ammon, was one Ishmael, an ambitious prince of the royal family. He formed an alliance with Baalis, king of the Ammonites, and plotted against the life of Gedaliah. The plot was successfully accomplished, and with Gedaliah perished, according to Renan, the last hope of the re-establishment of Jewish society upon the old foundation. The assassination of this good governor was considered so great a calamity that the anniversary of his death has ever since been observed by the Jews as a national fast.

Although Gedaliah's murder was in part avenged, the Jews feared greatly that they would be punished for the crime. Johanan, Jonathan, and others of the leaders favored flight into Egypt, and this course was finally decided upon, much against the will of Jeremiah.

The exiles settled first at Daphnæ, near Pelusium. Here their numbers were increased by new immigrants; and before very long, not only Daphnæ, but Migdol, Memphis, and many other places were occupied by the exiled Jews. Pharaoh Hophra, the Egyptian monarch, was very friendly to the immigrants. It seemed that they would prosper in their new home.

For many years, however, the Jews had been idol worshipers. Prophets had labored unceasingly—and unsuccessfully—to inculcate the worship of Jehovah. Now, in Egypt, exiled from their native land, and with Jeremiah in their midst, the Jews became fanatical worshipers of the gods of the Pharaohs. Jeremiah's spirit was aroused. In an inspired manifesto, he announced that Egypt should not be able long to shelter the Jews, but that Pharaoh should fall before the great king of Babylon.

After the capture of Jerusalem, Nebuchadnezzar was occupied for thirteen years with the siege of Tyre. When that task was accomplished, he turned towards Egypt and confronted the Egyptian army. Some authorities hold that Hophra was defeated by his general, Amasis, in civil strife, and after a few years of joint sovereignty, was slain by the people. But Josephus, who is credited by Rawlinson and others, says that Hophra was killed by Nebuchadnezzar, as predicted by Jeremiah; and the Jews that were in Egypt were taken captive and led away to Babylon. It is claimed that Jeremiah died in Egypt, being either stoned to death by his countrymen or slain by Hophra.

Thus ended the Hebrew nation. Separated from their native soil, living in a strange land and speaking a new tongue, they might be expected to be absorbed by surrounding nations. Any other people would have been so obliterated. But

the Jews have always remained a separate people. We shall see them again holding their place among the nations.

II. THE CAPTIVES IN BABYLON.

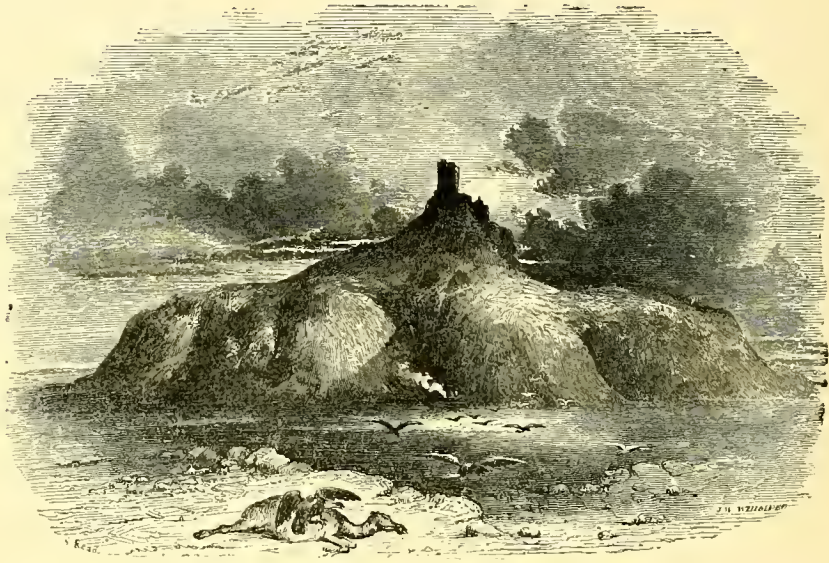
To those who had passed their lives among the rugged hills and mountains of Judea, the sight of the extensive plains of Babylonia must have been very monotonous. As far as one could see, there was not a point of relief on which to rest the eye. And majestic Babylon, situated on the river-plain of the Euphrates, was in striking contrast with the well-beloved Jewish capital on a mountain fastness, surrounded by hills and ravines. The walls of the city, though nearly three hundred feet high, with a terrace on the top eighty feet broad, were perhaps not remarkable to the Jews, who were accustomed to the precipitous walls of Jerusalem. But the vastness and the grandeur of Babylon could not but have impressed the captives. The city covered an area ten miles square, and contained palaces and temples that surpassed in size, though not in artistic finish, any building in Jerusalem. The palace of the Babylonian kings was alone twice as large as the whole City of David. And within the courtyard of this palace, were the wonderful hanging gardens, built terrace upon terrace, to remind Nebuchadnezzar's Median queen of her native mountains. But perhaps the most wonderful of all was the great Temple of Bel. Its base measured two hundred yards on each side. It was built like the great pyramid, square upon square, and attained a height of six-hundred feet. To this temple were carried, it is believed, the precious and sacred vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem.

The artificial splendor of Babylon was wonderful, but it could not compare with "the sunny cliffs * * * where the olive and the vine grew spontaneous-

ly, and the cool, shady, and secluded valleys" of the home of the Jews. *By the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept when they remembered thee, O Zion!*

Of the years of the Babylonian captivity we know very little. It would appear that the exiles were permitted to live together in considerable communities. Not many were sold as slaves, perhaps because the captivity consisted chiefly of the Jews of the better class. Although they were a vanquished peo-

ple, the captivity is recorded in the Book of Daniel, which is generally looked upon as prophetic, but which is really largely historical. Nothing is known of the family of the writer, except that he was, according to Josephus, a kinsman of Zedekiah. Daniel and his friends were chosen because of their great personal endowments; and were educated in a college in the astronomy, the divination, and all the half scientific mysteries, for which the Chaldean priesthood had long been celebrated.



WHERE BABYLON ONCE STOOD.

ple, they were perhaps considered colonists rather than captives, and acquired after some time considerable property. There was a large colony on the river Chebar, north of Babylon, where Ezekiel lived and prophesied. The captives observed the Mosaic law, kept up distinctions of rank among themselves and preserved their genealogical tables, so that they knew well who was the rightful heir to the throne of David. Many of the exiles achieved eminence in the Babylonian state.

Much that we know of the story of

The eminence attained by Daniel under successive kings of Babylon, together with the hopeful prophecies of Ezekiel, must have inspired the captives with faith that Jehovah had not utterly forsaken them. So also the example of Daniel and his friends in abstaining from the forbidden foods of the king's table encouraged them in their observance of the Mosaic law. Like Joseph of Egypt, however, it was chiefly as an interpreter of dreams that Daniel gained distinction. Twice he was called before Nebuchadnezzar to recall and explain

his "visions of the night." In the first dream, the king saw the future history of the world for many centuries, and finally the setting up of God's kingdom. Every Sunday School worker should read Elder Orson Pratt's comments on this chapter, on pages 290 to 293 of the standard edition of his works.

The second dream was a warning of a calamity—a madness—that should befall Nebuchadnezzar himself. Daniel interpreted this with the usual success. The fulfillment of the dream is recorded in the sacred book, though, naturally there is no allusion to such a humiliating circumstance in the Babylonian annals. That Nebuchadnezzar was afflicted is proved, however, by the inscription on a bronze doorstep presented by him to the temple of El Saggil, at Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon. The inscription speaks of his affliction and restoration to health.

One of the results of the captivity was the rejection of polytheism, and the conviction that there is but one God, allwise, almighty and eternal. With this conviction came a certain sense of

individual responsibility, such as had been taught by the prophets. *The soul that sinneth, it shall die; the soul that doeth righteously, it shall live*, (Ezek. 18: 4, 9). And the stories of Daniel bring out the grandeur and sublimity of "solitary virtue" more strongly than does any other story of the Jewish scriptures, except perhaps that of Elijah. When the three Hebrew children were arraigned for refusing to worship a golden image, they replied, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

And so, when at a later period Daniel knew that the writing was signed convicting any one who prayed to any other god than Darius the Mede, "he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." Therefore he could exclaim in the lions' den, "Thou hast remembered me, O God, neither hast thou forsaken them that seek thee and love thee."



CURRENT TOPICS.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

THE re-election of President Diaz will give him the seventh term as President of the Mexican Republic, where he is today without a competitor for the high office he now holds. Diaz has been a strong man; he has ruled with an iron hand, though wisely and in the best in-

terests of the people. The republican methods of his country could not be compared with the system of government that prevails in the United States, and much is done there that would not be tolerated here. But Mexico needs just such a man as Diaz to watch over her destinies, and people generally of that country recognize this fact. Reports that Diaz has earnestly desired to

lay down the responsibilities of his high office and entrust the work to others appear to be well founded, and that by accepting the continued responsibilities of his office he does so by the wish of the people, and his own judgment that his country really needs his services. Mexico abounds in natural resources, but needs stability in the government, that men may feel safe in launching those enterprises that will develop and enrich the country.

What is of peculiar interest at this time in the politics of Mexico is the partizan and rival spirit that has sprung up between the leaders of Mexico's two great factions. These leaders are Limantour and Reyes. They really are the only two men that demand today any consideration in making a forecast of Mexico's political future. While they are strong rivals, they both are and have been friends and supporters of Diaz; and at one time President Diaz formulated a plan to make Limantour his successor, with a sort of understanding that in time Reyes should succeed Limantour. Political discussions center about these two rivals for the successorship in the presidency of the Mexican republic.

Limantour is of French parentage, was educated in France, and was a practicing lawyer in the City of Mexico until a few years ago, when he entered political life. He is regarded as Mexico's greatest financier, and his ability is recognized in other lands than that of his birth. He has been a great aid to the president in financiering Mexican affairs, and the president appreciates his uncommon ability in promoting the interests of Mexico's exchequer. But he is accused of being an aristocrat, friendly only to the classes, and is unpopular among many from the fact that he is not a Mexican by birth, that is, not of Mexican parentage.

Reyes, on the other hand, is of Mexican descent. He is a military hero, and quite the idol of many people. He was a soldier boy when the French were defeated and the regime of Napoleon III in Mexico was brought to an end. For years he has been a fighter of the Indians, and throughout his career shown superior military qualities. It is said of him also, that he possesses executive ability in civil affairs.

Both these men are regarded as loyal and patriotic, and would doubtless strive to continue Mexico's present policy. One of the Mexican policies is opposition to the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in that country. This opposition, no doubt, led the late Pope to express the wish that Mexico might be annexed to the United States.



A LESSON IN MORAL STABILITY.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB has just resigned the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation. The corporation, with assets of one billion dollars, is the largest financial combination ever organized in the world. The constructive powers and executive ability of Mr. Schwab placed him in the foremost rank of modern genius. Mr. Schwab is only a little over forty years of age. Twenty-three years ago he was a grocer's boy working for two dollars and fifty cents a week. He did not long remain in such employment, for he soon received a better job, and entered the engineering department of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, where he received one dollar per day. When he was but twenty-five years of age he was made superintendent of the great Homestead Works. Under his genius and ability, these works were made the largest of their class in the world.

At the age of thirty-five he became

president of the Carnegie Steel Company. His salary was fixed at fifty thousand dollars a year with an interest in the business; and the value of that interest increased so rapidly that when the Carnegie Steel Works were incorporated in the great steel trust, Mr. Schwab became a multi-millionaire. According to current reports, the salary of Mr. Schwab as president of the trust was one hundred thousand dollars a year, with an additional percentage based upon the earnings of the company. This is the largest salary paid to any man in this country. At last Mr. Schwab has been compelled to resign his remunerative office whose duties became too onerous for him. He has gained a fortune but lost his health. He was a man of magnificent constitution, the blessings of which he apparently never appreciated.

However, the loss of health is not the most regrettable misfortune in so brilliant a career, but Mr. Schwab stands almost universally discredited as one who has yielded to the temptation of gambling both at cards and in stocks. From the great heights of a constructive and executive genius he has long been viewed by an admiring world whose disappointment is strongly felt by his fall through lack of moral stability. The world has not been let into the details and privacy of Mr. Schwab's life; it has known only a few of his practices questionable to the principles of sound morality. But the world has lost confidence in the man; that confidence began to wane when from Monte Carlo, in southern France, the story of his pleasures at the gambling table was told. He himself said that these stories were exaggerated but they were not without foundation.

Had he been stable in the nobler virtues of life, what an example his career might have been to others, and what en-

couragement those who hold in their keeping the direction of life in many a youth might have found in pointing to Mr. Schwab's success. It is true that the teacher of religion and morality may find in him a warning, but the warnings of sin are never so helpful to youth as the inspiration of well doing; and while Mr. Schwab's career may contain a helpful warning, it robs the world of what might otherwise have been a courageous example—an example by which the face of a young man is turned to the rising sun rather than to the shadows of moral delinquencies.



THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL MILES.

THE retirement of General Miles as Lieutenant General and highest officer of the United States army calls to mind expressions made by him concerning the Latter-day Saints during the Indian religious craze in the west and northwest. It will be remembered that a few years ago the Indians became very greatly excited over the coming of a Messiah and of certain religious rites practiced among them. The excesses of the Indians in the midst of this craze, and their efforts to leave the reservations gave the government considerable trouble.

It was really one of those fanatical outbreaks for which there is no accounting, and one that periodically manifests itself here and there among uncivilized and semi-civilized races. For this religious excitement among the Indians no satisfactory explanation could be given, and the most that could be said was that it really existed. The Latter-day Saints were very much annoyed, though not wholly surprised, when General Miles laid the blame of it all at the door of the Mormons. Why not? The Mormons were universally unpopular and General Miles was aware of that fact. He was

an authority on Indian questions in the west and it would naturally be expected that he could solve all their mysteries. Taking it to be his duty to give some sort of an answer that would be satisfactory to the people of the United States, he must have felt quite sure that if he said the Mormons were the cause of it all, his answer would be accepted without further question, and that whether what he said was true or not, it would satisfy the country.

There is always present a growing suspicion in the minds of the Mormons that those who hold them up to derision and reproach in a public and official manner are really bidding for popularity. At that time that was their explanation of the flippant and untruthful statement made by the General, as the Mormon people had no more to do with the Indian craze than General Miles himself had. It was a disappointment to the people because General Miles had been a gallant and brave officer. He had rendered his country a great service in the Civil War and as a fighter of the Indians.

It would have been a source of great satisfaction could he have retired from his exalted position at the age limit of sixty-four years with the unanimous commendation of his country. The spirit, however, that bid for popularity became more or less a ruling passion with the General and led him into dis-

cussions and differences with the departments of government with which he was associated that caused him to be very much discredited by a large proportion of the American people. During the Spanish-American war he was very greatly humiliated, some say without justification. No doubt the General felt that he had been unjustly dealt with and there may have been some excuse for feeling so.

One of the last important official duties that he performed was to inspect the army in the Philippines. His report was not judicial in temperment and revealed an attitude so unfriendly and unfair toward the administration that the report, though really an indictment of the conduct of the army in the Philippines, was not kindly received in the country and led to no investigation whatever.

He retires from office without one word of commendation from the President of the United States, and the newspapers of the country are now in controversy over the duty of the President to offer a word of congratulation, as President Cleveland had done at the retirement of Lieutenant General Schofield in 1895. We recognize, however, both the ability and courage of the retiring General who was willing to offer his life as a sacrifice for the preservation of the Union, and extend to him the heartiest congratulations on his retirement.



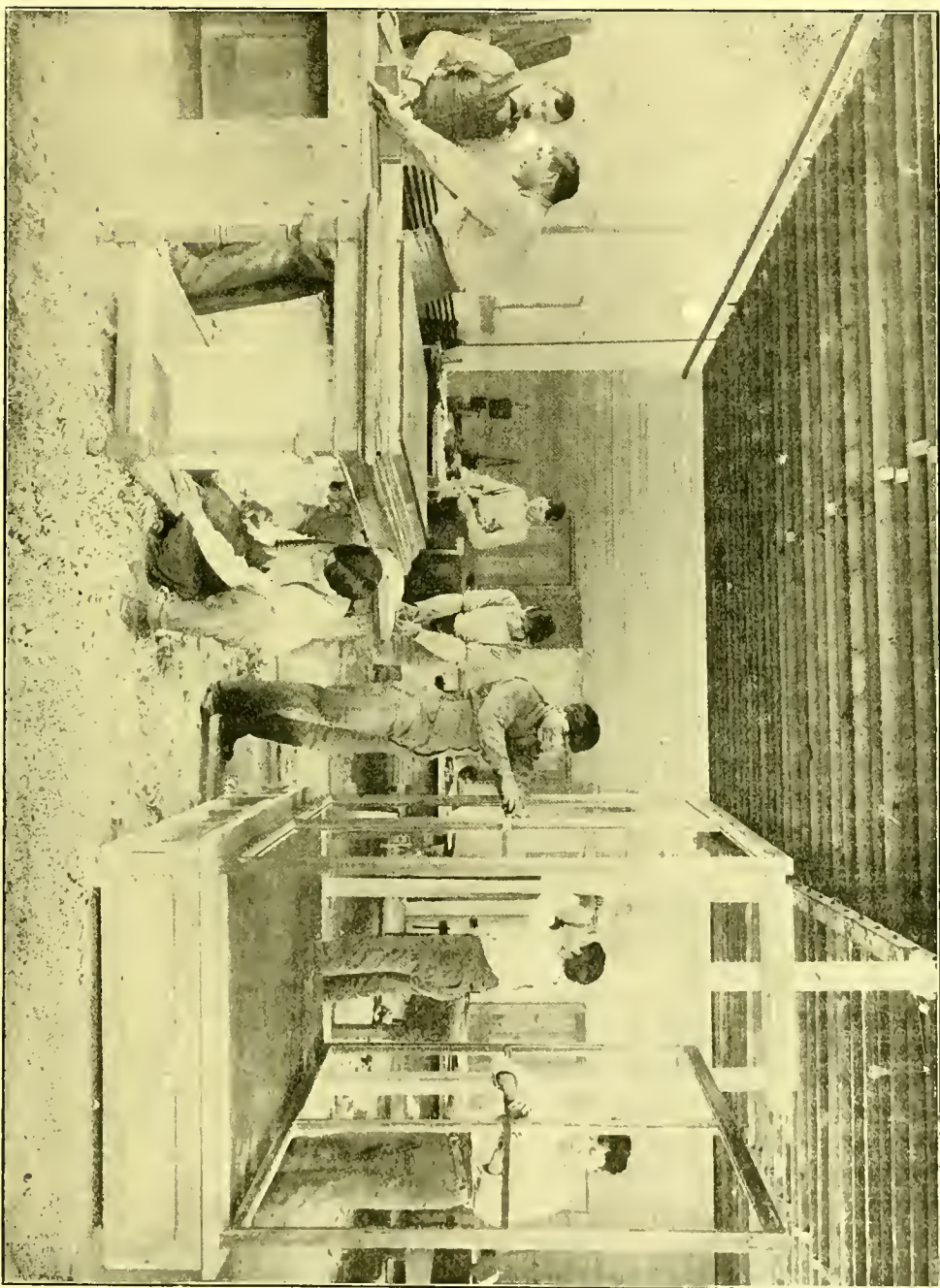
INDIAN BELIEFS AND TRADITIONS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 536.)



THE first determined effort to throw off the yoke of their oppressors was made by the gentle, peaceful Pueblo Indians in August, 1680. They had hoped

for protection from the warlike tribes about them, for better mysteries of medicine and more rain for their crops. Being disappointed in all their hopes and expectations, they felt that they



CARLISLE SCHOOL—INDIAN BOYS ENGAGED IN CABINET MAKING.

had been imposed upon. "What have we gained by all this?" said the Pueblos, "not peace and not happiness, for these new rulers will not protect us from our enemies, and take from us all the enjoyments we once knew."

Popi, a medicine man among the Tewa, claimed to have visited the magic lagoon of Shipapu, whence his people traced their origin and to which the souls of their dead returned. By those ancestral spirits he had been commanded to rouse the Pueblos for a concerted effort to throw off the foreign yoke. He prepared strings of yucca knots, and sent them to the chiefs of the Pueblos, far and near, with instructions to commence at a given time and untie a knot each day, and when the last knot was untied it would be time to strike.

Partial discovery precipitated the plot, which was to have culminated on the new moon, August, 1680. The great rising took place on the 10th, and so complete was the surprise that many Spanish priests, soldiers and civilians were killed. Those who survived fled to El Paso. By October not a Spaniard remained in all New Mexico.—Banderliar.

Notwithstanding their disappointments, many of the southern nations still hoped for the coming of a savior who should break the power of the Spanish and restore them to their former inheritance and glory. Their condition was not unlike that of the Jews at the coming of Christ, except that, alas! to them at that time no savior came. But tradition still keeps alive their hope.

Indians almost universally believe in dreams, visions, revelation, healing, and the resurrection of the dead. Hence the ease with which they have often got themselves into trouble by following the teaching of false prophets—teaching

which, since they have come in close contact with the whites, has been modified and given almost as many different interpretations as the learned divines have given the plain and simple teachings of our blessed Bible. Many of the forms and ceremonies they have engrafted into their worship are easily traceable, instances of which will be given later on.

The English made such slow advance that the northern tribes did not perceive that "an empire was slipping from their grasp" until the English and French began to prepare for a final struggle for supremacy. Then the Indians read their doom. In 1752 the Lenape chiefs sent this pointed question to the British agent: "The English claim all on one side of the river, the French claim all on the other—where is the land of the Indians?"—Bancroft.

Then as the French strengthened themselves along the lakes, a strong protest came from the confederate tribes of the west: "This is our land, not yours. Fathers, both you and the English are white. The land is not yours, but the Great Being above allotted it to be a dwelling place for us; so, fathers, I desire you to withdraw, as I have desired our brothers, the English." A wampum belt gave weight to the words.—Bancroft.

The French diplomatically replied: That the land did truly belong to the Indians, but the French king only wished to set up a boundary to prevent the English from sweeping the red tribes from the Ohio as they had already driven them from the Atlantic. The trustful savages believed him, "and when a governor of Canada and the general of his army stepped into the circle of braves to dance the war dance and sing the war song with their red allies, thirty-three wild tribes declared

on the wampum belt: "The French are brothers and their king is our father; we will try his hatchet upon the English." —Bancroft.

Through seven years of bloodshed the lily and the totem moved abreast, until France lost her power on the heights of Quebec. The Indians had been won over to the French by the devotion of the French emissaries who had intermarried among them, and in whose children's veins the blood of both races were commingled. But as time passed and the fine promises made by the French were not kept, the warriors felt that they had been deceived, and said: "English and French alike are white men and liars. We must turn from both and seek help from our Indian gods."

In 1762 a prophet appeared among the Delawares, who preached a union of all the red tribes, and a return to the old Indian life, claiming the authority of a divine command as received by himself in a wonderful vision. Pontiac, the greatest chief of the Algonquian race, believed in and related the vision to the great council of the tribes held near Detroit in April, 1763. The vision is far too lengthy to relate. According to Parkman, it was supposed to have been written out by a French priest, and it might be well to mention here, that it has been duplicated in part, with modifications and variations to meet later conditions, by all the prophets and reformers that have arisen among the Indians from that day until the Sioux outbreak in 1890.

Without going into detail, there are many things worthy of note, and worthy of admiration, in the teaching of all those Indian prophets. They taught chastity, sobriety, and, where conditions would admit of it, peace. True, in the instance first mentioned and in some later, they were told to resist oppression. When told by the

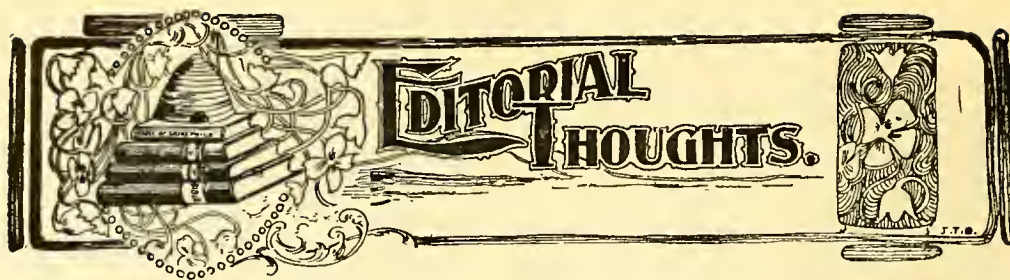
Delaware prophet to drive out the red-coats, it is worthy of remark, that the tribes were permitted to retain their friendly relations with the French, who lived side by side with them, joined in their dances and entered with sympathy into their wild life.

NOTE: The illustrations that are being published in connection with "Indian Beliefs and Traditions" should touch a sympathetic cord in the hearts of all who see them. They were taken from the Carlisle Souvenir which contains ninety-four snap-shots of the Indian students in the work shops, school and living rooms, the fields and gardens, the campus and gymnasium. In brief it is a most touching pictorial record of the useful and beautiful school and family life that is being carried on at Carlisle with Col. Pratt as its efficient and fatherly director. It gives a limited idea of the practical methods that are being pursued at that institution in transforming ignorant savages into capable and self-supporting, self-respecting American citizens. The dominating idea has been, from the first, to give the Indian youth the courage and ability to make his way as an individual in civilized industries. And since the midnight of Oct. 5th, 1879, when the first party, consisting of eighty-two untaught Sioux boys and girls arrived from the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agencies of South Dakota, that goal has never been lost sight of, nor have the devoted band of teachers relaxed in their endeavors to aid their students in reaching it.

Col. Pratt has realized from the first that it was not enough that the children of the forest be given a fair education and be taught a trade, but if they were to become citizens they must mingle with those who were already citizens and learn by contrast and association to intelligently and efficiently go on as independent individuals without separate or special supervision by the Government. Pursuant to this idea from seven to eight hundred Indian boys and girls are annually sent out from Carlisle to labor in white families during vacation, and so faithful and capable have they proved themselves that they are received with welcome in many excellent families and neighborhoods. Arrangements are also made to have from three hundred and fifty to four hundred Indian youths remain out every year and attend the public schools.

Martha J. Lewis.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, - SEPT. 15, 1903.

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A WORD TO PRESIDING AUTHORITIES ON
CARD PLAYING.



AM told that the prevalence of card parties in the homes of the Latter-day Saints is much greater than is supposed by those whom society people never think of inviting to make the card table the source of an evening's pastime. The presiding authorities are not invited to these card parties and, as a rule, are not permitted to witness them, simply because those who give such parties feel that a deck of cards in the hands of a faithful servant of God is a satire upon religion.

I have heard that some who are called to officiate in holy ordinances have, when absent from the House of the Lord or when tardy in arriving, excused themselves because of the time occupied in giving or attending a card party. Those who thus indulge are not fit to administer in sacred ordinances. They are no more worthy than others who violate good morals in any respect. They should be excused.

I am told that young people offer as an excuse for such questionable pastime the accusation that cards are played in the homes of certain leading men in the Church. Bishops, however, ought never to be deterred in their efforts to suppress the evil by counter complaints of this kind. The Bishop has the same right to inquire, through the means of his Teachers, into the pleasures of the homes of the highest authorities of the Church as well as into those of its most humble member. If it be true that card playing is prevalent in the Church, the Bishops are charged with the responsibility of the evil, and it is their duty to see that it is abolished, or that men and women who encourage it be brought to an account before their brethren and sisters for the pernicious example they are setting before the youth of Zion. Certainly no Bishop can report his ward in good condition where such a practice prevails.

Presidents of stakes are not without their responsibility in this matter, and at the general priesthood meetings of the stakes they should make searching inquiry of the Bishops concerning card parties

in the homes of the Saints. It is an easy matter for every Bishop to know through the medium of the block Teachers whether there are any practices in the homes of the people inconsistent with the mission of "Mormonism," and card playing is certainly inconsistent with that mission. No man who is addicted to card playing should be called to act as a ward Teacher, such men cannot be consistent advocates of that which they do not themselves practice.

An argument in support of card playing that has no other or better justification than that somebody else does it is both trifling and vicious. I hope that I have been incorrectly informed, and that representations about the card table are excessive if not wholly untrue. If card playing is prevalent or even occasional in the homes of the Saints, it is a reproach to the Church and ought to be abolished.

A united and well directed effort is made by the Sunday School and other organizations of the Church to introduce in the homes of the Saints the practice of home reading, but every effort of that kind may be easily thwarted by a pack of cards, which, in an old adage, is appropriately styled, "The Devil's Prayer Book." When our young people have once acquired the habit of the higher social pastimes of good books and good society, they will have little taste for the debilitating and degenerating pastime of the card table. *The card table has been the scene of too many quarrels, the birth-place of too many hatreds, the occasion of too many murders to admit one word of justification for the lying, cheating spirit which it too often engenders in the hearts of its devotees.*

My frequent and emphatic expressions on this subject are the result of the alarm I have felt over the well founded reports that have come to me concerning the prevalence of card playing in the homes

of some who profess to be Latter-day Saints. Upon every officer in the Church responsible in any way for the dangers of the card table is placed, and placed heavily, the duty of doing all that he or she possibly can in a prayerful and earnest manner to eradicate the evil. Let us be fully conscious of the old adage which says that "The Devil likes to souse whatever is wet," and stop card playing in the home before it reaches the gambler's table. } *Joseph F. Smith.*

HAS A PROMISE BEEN UNFULFILLED?

COMPLAINTS have been made to the Deseret Sunday School Union Board that the promise to discuss the lessons of the "Outlines" in the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has been unfulfilled. These complaints have doubtless been based on the following statement taken from the letter of the General Superintendency as printed in the "Outlines:" "The teachers are reminded that the work of the year is classified according to months, and it is therefore expected that all the classes will commence each month's work on the second Sunday, the first Sunday being Fast Day and largely devoted to the bearing of testimonies. *Special assistance in the lessons given through the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR can then reach, in advance, all teachers treating the same lesson at the same time.*"

The complaints have particular reference to the Old Testament studies which are apparently most difficult because of the very general lack of knowledge covering the studies of the second half of the Old Testament. It is true that interesting discussions might be had through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR on various subjects connected with the theological studies. Its editors, however, must consider the general scope of literature which this publication must contain in

order to satisfy the general demands of its readers. If those who complain will take the trouble to examine carefully the contributions to the INSTRUCTOR during the present year, they will discover that much space has been given to the Kindergarten Department whose workers are in greatest and absolute need of help.

This being the first year in the launching of the plan of work contained in the "Outlines," numerous questions touching the treatment of these "Outlines" had to be answered and explanations of a general character were necessary in order to give intelligent conception of the general scope of work to be done. The question therefore arises, Can the editors put more of this purely technical instruction, of interest almost exclusively to teachers, into the INSTRUCTOR without creating dissatisfaction in the minds of readers who are not teachers or students in the Sunday School? The general instructions touching the work of the "Outlines" must therefore be considered for the first year more important than the discussion of the single lessons. Again the work in starting the plans contained in the "Outlines" has been so great and so important that it has absorbed largely the attention of the editors of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. In time the treatment of special subjects will be taken up when it can be done without sacrificing general instructions that are of first importance, and without filling up the columns of the INSTRUCTOR with subject matter too much of one character.

It is gratifying to learn that the Sunday School workers are in quest of reliable and helpful information respecting the subjects they have to teach, but they will understand some of the difficulties that confront, this year, the editors in the preparation of such matter as the universal demands of our

magazine will justify. We trust our plea in justification will be acceptable to those who have looked in vain for commentaries on the "Outline" lessons in the columns of our magazine.

THE USE OF DICTIONARIES AND COMMENTARIES.

THE question is often asked, To what extent may dictionaries, histories and commentaries be used as aids to the study of the Scriptures? The use of dictionaries is never so questionable as the use of commentaries, since the former deal almost exclusively with accepted history and geography. Histories are often in the nature of commentaries and undertake to explain in a philosophical way the reasons for many of God's peculiar dealings with a chosen people. Commentaries are less desirable than histories because they deal so much in speculations that savor of the religious creeds of Christendom; and theories are often not only vague but at actual variance with the express words of the Scripture itself.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Board has refrained from recommending dictionaries of the Scriptures and even histories, not because it was thought that these books were undesirable in the hands of Sunday School teachers, but because it was feared that the recommendation of the Board would mean its endorsement of whatever these books contained. Where these books are used by Sunday School teachers, they should certainly be subjected to a sifting process that would eliminate from them vague theories and contradictions of Scriptural truths. In the sifting process the Union Board meetings of the various stakes may be most helpful.

Sometimes explanations found in these dictionaries and histories may be most fascinating but really may prove wholly untrue. Teachers should, therefore, be

careful and prayerful in the study of those explanations and theories however fascinating, and never introduce into their classes the views of commentators and authors, where these views are not in perfect harmony with the Scriptures, without first submitting such views to the department meeting of their Unions with a view of determining the truth and of eliminating errors. Great care must be had in the use of dictionaries and histories or our young people will be led into many false sectarian ideas concerning the interpretations of Holy Writ. It is not believed that commentaries should be recommended, as it is feared the dangers of false theories will be far in excess of the helpfulness to be derived from the commentaries.

These remarks have special reference to dictionaries, histories, and commentaries on the Old and the New Testaments. On the Book of Mormon we have such helps as the Dictionary of the Book of Mormon, and the Story of the Book of Mormon written by Superintendent George Reynolds, a lifelong and devoted student of the Book of Mormon, whose authority on that book is accepted throughout the Church. In some instances Bible story books have been used by the teachers as a substitute for the Bible itself. This is wrong and should everywhere be discouraged.

THE MOB AS AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

RECENTLY the President of the United States in a letter to Governor Durbin of Indiana congratulated that officer upon the admirable way in which he had thwarted and finally defeated the purposes of a mob at Evansville. The letter itself was a note of alarm to the people of this country upon the frequency and hideousness of mob violence which has grown with unprecedented rapidity within the last year.

For years mobs in the Southern States have acquired the habit of lynching negroes whose offenses against the white women of the south have been of the most atrocious character. As a rule, these negro victims were unworthy of sympathy; but it sometimes happened that the wrong "nigger" was hanged, and then people said that was really a shame. But of late the manner of torturing and burning these negroes has brought out the most cruel and heinous spirits that ever lurked in human nature. The details of mob violence have often been too horrible to read and were sickening to every sense of humanity and justice.

Later the white man became the object of mob violence and the disposition has grown with alarming rapidity to disregard the processes of law and subject life and liberty to the caprice and frenzy of the mob. This practice has grown so rapidly that a leading weekly magazine of the country announced in a recent issue that, "only two lynch law murders of men who had been placed in jail were reported last week."

Then again these mobs are growing rapidly in numbers so that those engaged in torturing and hanging number thousands when formerly the mob did not consist of more than forty or fifty men. President Roosevelt gave the best summary of the situation that has yet appeared when he said: "The spirit of lawlessness grows with what it feeds on, and when mobs with impunity lynch criminals for one crime, they are certain to begin to lynch real or alleged criminals for other causes."

Nobody in the world deplores more than do the Latter-day Saints the prevalence and brutality of mob violence. If mob violence in this country did not have its origin in the drivings and persecutions of the Latter-day Saints,

it is certain that no class of people in this country have suffered more and longer from the lawlessness of the mob than have the Latter-day Saints. For more than half a century the "Mormons" have been the victims of lawless mob violence against which very little has been said, for the chief reason that the victims had been so long pursued by hatred and prejudice that the world had been taught to withdraw all its sympathy from them. Whipping, driving, and shooting Mormon Elders in the south called forth no anxiety and little objection upon the part of the press; and the Mormon Elder, pure and upright in his life, has received less sympathy and protest in his favor than the negro ravisher who deserved, perhaps, the punishment, however inexcusable the method of executing it.

It is a precious boon to stand with all men face to face equal before the law and to live under a government where the orderly and just execution of the law prevails. We have always believed as a people that those who mobbed us, and that the country at large which acquiesced in mob violence were sowing to the wind and that some day the country would reap the whirlwind. That the prevalence of mob violence is a direct menace to the institutions of our country no one need to doubt who reads the comments of the press upon the subject.

Again labor organizations that either encourage or condone violence may, unless they are cautiously vigilant, degenerate from individual to organized mob violence. No one can foresee with what awful destruction and horrors the spirit of mobocracy may overwhelm the land, but the possibility of these horrors is apparent to every student of history and to every one who reads the signs of the times.

A few years ago mob violence was confined almost wholly to the south;

today it is spreading in the north, and if it keeps the pace of the last few months it will not be long before the fair name and the honor of the law of almost every state in the Union will be tarnished. Utah may be no exception, for public sentiment may take on this form of violence in the presence of some unexpected and atrocious crime.

The Latter-day Saints in Utah and everywhere are earnestly and prayerfully admonished to shun as a sacred religious duty the spirit of mob violence. It is better to be patient and endure depredations upon human rights than to violate the institutions of our country and to substitute violence for law and order. If the reign of the mob extends its hideous rule over this country as rapidly in the future as it has done in the past, it may reach communities where the Saints live before they are aware of its presence. It is not only the duty of every Latter-day Saint, therefore, to refrain from the violent and unlawful conduct of bodies of men bent upon human destruction, but to exercise his influence and power to restrain others from imbuing their hands in the blood of their fellow man.

It is not easy to comprehend how the judiciary and those entrusted with the prompt and just execution of the law can look upon the rapidly increasing violence of the mob without a conscious reproach that they have contributed to such a state of anarchy by the dilatory methods which have been permitted to creep into our judicial system. The frequency of mob violence is really less alarming than the increase in number of those who engage in it, and one may almost be excused if he wonders whether the mob with its horrors is to become an established institution of our country.

It is certainly disquieting when one realizes how little mobs are influenced by the spirit of alarm and the denuncia-

tions of both the pulpit and the press. Such violence may be smothered and suppressed for a season because of the growing alarm it has created, but its spirit is growing in our country and may become of such proportions as to overcome human control sooner than many imagine.

Joseph F. Smith.



EVEN THE FLOWERS BEAR WITNESS.

IN a book entitled "Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts," by Mabel Osgood Wright, a well known writer on natural history subjects, we find a most interesting paragraph. The chapter in which it occurs is headed "Escaped from Gardens," and tells of many New England flowers, once cultivated, but which have now spread themselves over the country and are looked upon in many instances as wild flowers. The paragraph is as follows:

This same artichoke [the author had just mentioned the Jerusalem artichoke] now so often seen by the waysides and in modern gardens, escaped far back in the dim past from a cultivation of which no record even remains; it was planted and tended by an aboriginal people, of whose coming and passing we do not know. The plant belongs in Asia. Did a lost tribe bring it journeying eastward at a time when, through Alaska, the east and western continents were one? Who can say, except that by a flower there lives a link, binding the now to things beyond the sight.

A student of the Book of Mormon could easily answer the above queries. They certainly know that that book gives the history of two peoples, both of whom came in the first place from Asia to this continent, bringing with them seeds of various kinds to plant on the land to which they should be led.

The Jaredites, whose history the Book of Mormon gives, were led by the Lord from the Tower of Babel, across the wa-

POSTPONEMENT.

THE Annual Sunday School Conference of the Weber Stake of Zion has been postponed for one week—from Sunday, September 20th to Sunday, September 27th, 1903.

ters to this land, and in time, we are told, spread over the whole continent. At the time they commenced their journey, among other things, the Lord told them to gather seeds of the earth of every kind. This they did, and took them with them and planted them in the new land.

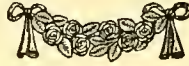
Lehi's colony, led out of Jerusalem, also record, after reaching the promised land (the American continent), "We did put all our seeds into the earth, which we had brought from the land of Jerusalem. And it came to pass that they did grow exceedingly."

One of these races, it is fair to presume, planted and tended the Jerusalem artichoke, perhaps brought by some among them as a loving reminder of a former home in a distant land. And now, as a simple, wayside flower, it bears witness to the truth of the book recording the history of the people who brought it, and of whose coming and passing that record has given us knowledge.

The rocks have given their testimony, the crumbling ruins have told a story; and now this flower comes as another link in the chain binding us of this present generation to the silent past. It adds its testimony that the record brought forth by Joseph Smith was not from the imaginations of his mind, but the actual history of the people who once dwelt

upon this land and passed away, but leaving behind them a precious record, to be brought forth in the due time of

the Lord, and translated by His power, that all who would might read and understand its meaning. *B.*



THE GREAT KEY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 523.)

CHAPTER VIII.

SICKNESS AT HOME—THE MISSIONARY RETURNS.

AFTER James left home, Hylda often thought over his last words to her, and somehow she wondered why he had said, "Do all you can for father." Had she not always been a most dutiful daughter?

But when her father was taken suddenly ill, about a year after James had left them, she believed that was why her brother had been led to make the remark which had so puzzled her.

Now, indeed, she must do all that lay in her power to soothe and help him to live and get well again. The different members of the Mason family were so good to Hylda and her father, she felt she could never do enough for them in return. Some of them were with her nearly all the time, helping and comforting her and her sick parent.

It was a new thing for Brother Stromberg to be laid up with sickness, and he learned some valuable lessons while he lay helpless and watched his young daughter as she flitted about the house, proving herself a most faithful nurse as well as a loving daughter.

One day, when he had become convalescent, as Hylda sat gently fanning him, he said to her:

"You are so much like your dear mother, my child, and I never appreciated her as I should have done. Neither have I been the father to the children she left me that I ought to have been. I ask you to forgive me, my

daughter, for the lack of tenderness and sympathy I have been guilty of toward you and your brother. And write to him, will you, Hylda. Tell him I have come to realize how unlike a true father I have been to both of you; and say I repent sincerely of this great fault, and want my children to forgive me."

"My own dear father!" cried Hylda, in amazed joyfulness; "this is truly the happiest moment of my life, and I am now seventeen. Forgive you, father? Jimmy and I have both loved you always, and have often said to each other that we knew you loved us, only you did not understand how to show your love for your children as some parents do. I do not feel there is anything to be forgiven now; and if you can only get well, and still keep the warmth and love for me in your heart that you express now, my brother and I will be the most blessed of all children. Be assured, my father, everything is forgiven and will never be thought of any more. I know Jimmy will feel the same as I do; and when he comes home we shall be so happy." And the young girl kissed her father with greater freedom and demonstration of affection than she had dared to use toward him before.

"Shall I write to Jimmy now? and will you turn over and go to sleep?" she asked presently, feeling anxious to have her brother sharing the new happiness that had come to her.

Joyous indeed was the news which Elder Stromberg read in his sister's let-

ter, telling him of their father's rapidly returning health, and better still, of the rich mine of love he had discovered in his heart for his always affectionate children. It made James feel as though the days could hardly slip by fast enough to suit him, he wanted so much to be at home with his father and Hylda once more.

And yet he was anxious to stay as long as he was wanted in the missionary field, and to do all that lay in his power to promote the interests of the work of the Lord.

The next eighteen months which passed before his release to return home came, did not seem very long ones, however.

It was a beautiful November afternoon when Maud Mason burst in upon Hylda, who was busily engaged in her kitchen preparing an unusually elaborate supper for so small a household as her father and herself.

"Oh, Hylda! I wish you had been visiting my school this afternoon," said Maud, with much enthusiasm. "We have two of the cutest little new pupils. You must visit us soon and hear them recite. I've got"—

"Sh!" said Hylda, holding up her finger. "I've got!—too! And when you see what I've got, your new pupils will hardly be thought of again, for hours, at least."

Hylda tiptoed across the floor to the bedroom door, motioning Maud to follow, which she did. Pointing to the bed, Hylda whispered, "Now, then, see who has come!"

"Oh, it's Jimmy!" cried Maud, under her breath.

"Elder James Stromberg," if you please, Miss Mason!" said Hylda, with mock dignity.

"I'm going straight home to do up my best white waist, so I can have it to wear to meeting next Sunday. I do

not suppose we shall have a special, and hear from Elder Stromberg before that, will we?" said Maud.

Although the girls had spoken in low tones, their voices had aroused the sleeper, and now he sprang up lightly and joined them.

"I am so glad to welcome you home again, Brother Stromberg," was Maud's pleasant greeting, with a cordial hand shake.

"And I am indeed pleased to meet you, Sister Maud. Hylda tells me you are teaching the summer school here, and making a marked success of it," said James.

There were a few more pleasant things said back and forth, then Maud skipped away home to tell the good news of the young missionary's safe return.

A little later, Brother Stromberg the senior, came home from his work. Hylda was at the gate waiting for him, and her more than usually bright smile told the father without a word, that his missionary boy had reached home.

James met his father with eager, open arms, and for the first time, as far as either could remember, Brother Stromberg embraced his son.

There was no lack of love in the home after that; and James thought, and said joyously to his sister, if his going on a mission, and being separated from them for a while, had helped to bring about such a wonderful and blessed change in their father, all the hardships he had endured were as nothing compared with the good results, even if that were all. But there were many other things beside that to be grateful for.

The meeting house was crowded the next Sunday with attentive listeners. People who had not been inside the church door for months, perhaps for years, turned out on that occasion to hear from the returned missionary. And

no one was disappointed. Every soul was fed with the bread of life.

Some said it was perfectly marvelous, to think that it was Jim Stromberg preaching like that, who used to be the leader of the "Larks."

CHAPTER IX.

BY THE PASTURE GATE.

"Brother Stromberg, I can tell you something that maybe Hylda won't let you know about," said Ray Mason, now eight years old, as he laid his arm confidentially over the shoulder of his "new chum," the returned missionary.

James sat upright in his chair, and putting his arm around his little friend, drew him close to his side and whispered:

"Now, Ray, what is it?"

Ray looked about him to make sure that all the others had their eyes and ears occupied in some other direction than pointing towards James and himself.

The Strombergs, by invitation, were lunching with the Masons, and Ray made it his duty to see that James was entertained. He whispered loudly:

"Why, Howard is going to marry Hylda; and he'll take her away from you, and you won't have anyone to keep house for your father and you. But I'll tell you what I should think you could do to make it all right. You could just take and marry Maud. Wouldn't that be a good way for you to do?"

"Well, yes, Ray, that would be a fine way, only, maybe—Maud might not like it," whispered James.

"Oh, I think she would all right!" said Ray. "Shall I bring her here, and we'll ask her? And will you do it, if she will?"

"No, no, Ray! You must not say anything to Maud about it, or you'll make her feel bad. You wait, and I'll see about it, sometime."

"Oh, I wouldn't wait, if I were you, Brother James," continued Ray, "or some of the other men will be marrying Maud, and you will be left."

"Well, there may be a good deal of truth in that, Ray; but you wait, won't you?" said James.

"Yes, I'll not talk to Maud, if you don't want me to; but you hurry about it, won't you? For I shouldn't like any of the others to get Maud."

Lunch was then announced, and for awhile James was relieved of his interesting little "chum." But Ray's innocent prattle had set him to thinking more seriously of his present situation than he had previously done.

Howard and Hylda he knew were soon to be married; and certainly he ought to be preparing to do likewise.

When luncheon was over, James approached the girls, who were all busy clearing off the table and talking merrily. Addressing Maud, he asked her if she could not be spared from the work of washing dishes, and if she would like to take a walk.

The pretty blush which mantled Maud's face told James quite as plainly as her pleasant "Yes, thank you," scarcely above a whisper, that she was pleased with the invitation to walk with him.

"Perhaps Hylda would like to go, too," Maud suggested, when she had taken off her apron and put on her hat.

"No," said Hylda, "I'll help Bess with the dishes, and the"—

"Then it's our turn!" said Howard, finishing Hylda's sentence.

When they had passed out of the gate, James said to Maud, "Sister Carroll asked me Sunday to call on her and Belle sometime soon; would you mind going there with me, Maud?"

"I don't know that I would, only, perhaps they would rather that I should call

at another time, or not at all," was Maud's answer.

"Well, I would rather call with you than without you, if you do not really object to going there with me," said James.

So it was agreed they would make the call together, which they did.

"Elder Stromberg, we are all perfectly delighted with everything you do or say, since your return home," was Belle's flattering announcement, after the greetings were over.

"I am pleased, indeed, if I am so fortunate as to please others," returned James.

"I never saw anyone so much improved. Did you, Maud?" continued Belle.

"Well, I don't know as to that," said Maud, honestly. "I thought Brother Stromberg was very nice before he went on his mission."

"Oh, I see you young ladies are bound not to agree on the question of the merits of the young man of the season," said Mrs. Carroll, archly. "I am glad you came, Maud. I want you to see the lovely French chrysanthemums my brother lately sent me. Come and I will show them to you. Belle has some new music she has been wanting to play for Elder Stromberg, so we will leave them here now, and they can discuss the flowers later."

With this speech, Mrs. Carroll took Maud away into another part of the house, where she talked to her of and pointed out her different kinds of flowers and other beautiful things in a way that the girl would have thought delightful on some other occasion. But the hour that was passed in that way was a very disagreeable and unhappy one for Maud. When she could bear it no longer, she told Sister Carroll that she would have to go home; and bidding her goodby

she passed out of a side door and around to the gate.

James saw her from the front window, and taking leave of Belle, followed quickly after her.

"That was rather a strange call, and not a very pleasant one, I thought; how did you enjoy it?" asked James, as he overtook Maud and walked on beside her.

"I can't say that I enjoyed it at all," answered Maud. "I felt as though I would rather have stayed at home."

"Well, we'll try to forget all about it, and just have a nice little time of our own now. Where would you like best to walk?" said James.

"Isn't it about time we should go home now?" asked Maud.

"Oh, not yet!" returned James. "I want to tell you something and ask your opinion about it, if you're willing to listen to me. Where shall we go?"

"Down by the pasture gate is a nice place to walk and to rest," Maud suggested. "We will like enough find Howard and Hylde there."

"Oh, it's the lover's trysting place, is it? That's where we want to go, sure," said James, gaily.

And Maud laughed and blushed, having thrown off the unpleasantness of the call they had made.

Howard and Hylde were not yet there, so Maud said they would sit on the smooth stump of an old tree that had been sawed off there and wait for the other couple.

"And while we wait, I can say what I wanted to, can I not?" James asked.

"Yes, please," Maud answered briefly.

"It is this, Maud," James continued. "You are, perhaps, aware that I once proposed marriage to Belle Carroll."

"Partially so," said Maud. "Hylde has told me she supposed such to have been the case."

"To be brief," James continued. "Belle rejected me then. But this afternoon she has given me to understand that should I renew the proposition, she would say yes this time. Now, Maud, your candid opinion, please—would you do it if you were me?"

Poor Maud was not prepared for such a question. James looked into her face and saw it turn very white. Yet she answered, quietly, after a moment, "Certainly I would, if I wanted to."

"Oh, Maud, what is it," James said, arising from the tree and taking her hand. "You are so pale, and you tremble so; what can I do for you? Were you frightened?"

"No," she moaned, "I just turned faint; something hurt me so!"

"Something?" he inquired.

She looked into his eyes, and he read in her's what the "something" meant.

"My little Maud!" he whispered, bending low towards her.

His face was radiant now, and her's seemed to catch some of its brightness. "Is it possible, dearest Maud, can it be true that you really—love me?" he asked very tenderly.

"I'll not say so!" she exclaimed, "when you are going to marry Belle."

"But I'm not going to marry Belle!" he answered. "I did not intend to even hint that I wanted to. I only meant to get your opinion of such a girl as Belle is now. She isn't the same at all that she was when I loved her. Then her grief over poor Ben's death seemed to soften her nature, and make her more like you and Hylda, and all genuine good girls. But she has turned back to her society ways, and it disgusts me greatly to see such things. She told me there was a rich man who would like to marry her, but he is rather too old for her. I hinted though, that I thought she had better accept him, pro-

viding he is a good man; and she said he is that, truly.

"And now, Maud, I want to tell you that I had not intended to propose marriage to you today. I meant to go about the matter in the very proper and legitimate way of asking the consent of your parents first. But I think they will agree to any arrangements we may like to make. Don't you think they will?"

"Yes, I feel sure they will," said Maud brightly, "because I know they like you very much."

"And you love me, don't you, my own little Maud?" And James took both her hands in his.

"I'm not going to say it, until—you can first tell me that you love me!" she said earnestly.

"Maud, my darling! I love you devotedly and truly, and shall do forever. Will that do?" James said.

To which Maud answered tenderly: "Yes, James, I do love you more than I can tell—more than I had any idea of until now, when my love has been slightly tested."

"Bless you, Maud, forever!" James answered. "And how blessed am I to receive such a gift from the Lord! Oh, He has been most wondrous kind to me! And always, it seems, through the agency of woman. My mother! and your mother, Maud; then Hylda, and now, your dear self!" The pure, sweet love of woman is truly next to the love of God. I wonder if any man would ever have learned to pray if a woman had not taught him!

"And to our Father's heart the key is prayer!
Which every child of His may freely use;
But always hold with reverent, sacred care,
How terrible that greatest key to lose!
It is for constant use, his scriptures say,
Lest tempted, ye should fail, pray, always
pray!"

Hattie Young.



HALO AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER XIV.

Waldo and the Horse—Grandma Ray's Stories about Horse Racing and Hunting in England—Parable of the Lost Sheep.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care."

AN interesting matter that came into Halo's young life was that his father bought a horse and carriage.

The horse was a kind, safe animal that had been raised among children, and used to them always. And she was very intelligent.

Waldo was with Halo when the horse was brought home, and was going to show him how to climb on her back and ride. They led her to the hydrant and gave her a drink from a tub. Then Waldo stepped one foot on the top of the hydrant, and rising with a spring, threw himself face downward across the mare's back, and was about to throw one leg over and sit up, but alas! he was on the wrong side.

The sensible horse, evidently realizing that she would have something to do in teaching her new associates how to operate with her, turned her head quickly towards Waldo, and cautiously taking the hip pocket of his overalls in her

teeth, she pulled him from her back and laid him sprawlingly upon the grass. Oh, what a good, jolly laugh the boys had over that performance! And Lessie also, for she was watching them. Even the horse seemed to greatly enjoy the little escapade, for she tossed her head playfully, took a nibble or two of the lawn grass and then shook herself gently looked at them all, as if she said smilingly, "You must learn, my young friends, that the *left* side is the *right* side of a horse, when you are going to mount." And the boys never forgot the lesson.

Then the horse was harnessed and hitched up to the carriage, which had two seats in it, and Grandma Ray, Lessie and the children went for a drive.

While they were riding about and enjoying themselves, grandma told the children how kind they should always be to the faithful animal that was giving them so much pleasure. She also told them stories of how gentlemen and ladies in England would ride horses and race and hunt. It had always seemed to her a very cruel, though an exciting and perhaps healthful sport, which some of the rich people of England took great delight in.

There was one very gentle-hearted lady of whom grandma told, who trained a fine hound that was given to her, so that instead of starting up the deer and hare, so that cruel men could chase and shoot at them, the dog would try to

shield and hide the innocent animals, and decoy the hunters away from them by baying in other parts of the park or

grounds. Grandma greatly admired that noble lady and her remarkable dog.

And so impressed was little Halo with



grandma's talk about kindness and cruelty to animals, that as soon as he was home from his ride, he got his Bible, and found the parable of the sheep that was lost, and coaxed his mother to read and talk it over with him.

"What does this all mean, mother?" he asked. And then from his Bible he read:

"What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." (Luke chapter xv).

"Well, Halo," said his mother, "you know this means that Christ, the good Shepherd, whose sheep know His voice, and will not follow a stranger, is sorrowful over His people that do wrong, and thinks more about them than about the good ones who are not in so much danger of getting into trouble, and having to suffer."

"But," said Halo, "I hope I shall never be like the sheep that strayed off and was lost. Even though the Shepherd rejoices more over it when he finds it than over all the others which do not go off and get lost; I would not like to give him all that trouble of hunting me up, nor would I like to run the risk of not being found and brought back. See this first picture, mother."

"The ninety and nine."

"Yes, I see," said Lessie. "The Shepherd must be counting them here. And he finds that one is missing. He knows its name, and knows it has strayed away, and must be in trouble, and

cannot get back to the sheep fold. And so he leaves all these and goes to look for the lost one."

"And here is another picture," said Halo. "The sheep that was lost and found."

"This, Halo," answered his mother, "is to represent, and make us think of Christ's great love for His people; even those who do not heed His teachings, but go off and get into trouble, as all will, sooner or later, who are disobedient to Him. He will hunt them up, and will carry them as if it were upon His shoulders, to bring them back into the safety and comfort of His fold. And we should be like that toward all our Father's children, ready and willing to help any of them."

"I have a very beautiful poem in this little book, Halo, which your father gave me on my birthday. It is called 'The ninety and nine,' and is on the same subject as that of which we have been speaking."

"I should like to hear it mother, please read it to me," answered Halo.

It was time to get dinner, however, and the reading of the poem had to be put off until later.

But Halo remembered about it, and as soon as there was a chance to do so, he again asked for it.

And then Lessie read to him the verse which is given at the beginning of this chapter, and the following lines:

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;

Are they not enough for thee?"

But the Shepherd made answer, " 'Tis of mine

Hath wandered away from me;

And altho' the road be rough and steep,

I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew,

How deep were the water's cross'd;

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd through,

Ere he found his sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert he heard its cry—

Sick and helpless, and ready to die.



THE SHEEP THAT WAS LOST AND FOUND.

"Lord, whence are those blood drops, all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced tonight by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There 'rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

When the reading of the poem was finished, Halo wanted to know who had written it. And his mother read from the little book she had, that the author was Elizabeth C. Clephane. That she had been a quiet, shy little girl, who loved books, and the members of her father's family, and cared for no other companions. Later, she had gathered little, forlorn children, where she lived in Scotland, and taught them both week days and Sundays. And among the sick and sorrowful she was known as "My Sunbeam."

L. L. G. R.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SMILES.

When, at the wedding reception,
Twelve dozen spoons were brought,
By as many kind friends who each had hoped
None other would catch the thought;

It was time that the bride's dear father
His sentiments should declare,
And he did so by saying that marriage,
At best, is a spoony affair.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Something to Tell.

FAIRVIEW, WYOMING,

Our mama takes the JUVENILE, and we like to read it. We have five pet lambs. One of them plays with us. Our papa died eight years ago. One of our brothers has been on a mission, but is home again now. Once one of our

brothers was down the well to dig it; a rock fell and struck him on the head. He was just about killed, but we got him out and the Elders administered to him, and he soon grew better. There is much snow here in the winter, and it is fun to run on the crusted snow. The squirrels dig holes through the snow in the middle of March, and come out on top.

ARLIN R. ALLRED, eleven years old.

DARREL S. ALLRED, nine years old.

Geographical.

PAHREAH, UTAH.

Pa takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and it does me good to read it. This place is bounded on the north by a creek bed and a mountain; on the east by a mountain; on the south by a mountain and a creek bed; and on the west by a creek bed. The creek bed is half a mile wide, and the mountain has clay hills at the foot of it. We slide down these hills on boards, and sometimes have great fun. I am thirteen years old.

ELMER JOHNSON.

Not Forsaken.

FAIRVIEW, SANPETE CO., UTAH.

As I have seen no letters from our town in the JUVENILE, I will try to write one. I have two brothers and five sisters, and we have three sisters dead. One little six-year-old sister died this last spring. She was sick so long and suffered so much that we were reconciled to see her go at last. Before we got her laid away we had another sweet little girl sent to us. That was the second one we have had born while there was another one lying in the same room dead. When our little baby was two weeks old, she took real sick, and we doctored her and had the Elders, but she kept getting worse until we thought she would breathe her last any moment.

But the Lord had not forsaken us in the hour of our trials. We prayed for our baby all the time, and she took a change and was healed immediately, and had no symptoms of her sickness after, only a little cough for a few days. She is now as fat, and smart and pretty a baby as you would wish to see, five months old. And we feel to thank the Lord for letting us keep her.

From your friend,

LYDIA J. BRADY,

Age thirteen years.

A Brave Little Run.

PRESTON, IDAHO.

One night my little sister Elma was very, very sick. She had two spells, when it seemed as though she would die. We were all alone—mama, my little three-year-old brother and myself. I ran seven blocks for the Elders. They came as quickly as they could, and administered to her, and from that time she got better. I know that it was by the power of the Lord that her life was saved. I go to school and to Sunday School and Primary, and I take music lessons and practice an hour each day. And I help my mama with the work, and love my little brother Samuel very much. I am nine years old.

LAURA COWLEY.

Her Work and Her Pets.

This is my first letter to the JUVENILE. I am a little Mormon girl. I have four brothers and three sisters alive and three sisters dead. My oldest brother is on a mission in Sweden. I have a particular job of my own, and no one may interfere with it. That is, I have to take care of the chickens. I have to get up between five and six in the morning and feed them and let them out. I feed them again about four in the afternoon.

I have raised sixty young chicks. I feed them four times a day. I have kept each stock separate by their mothers in big boxes, so I have now four little coops with young chicks. We have also four little pet calves, and their names are Krinken Miss, Blinken, and Nod. I have named them after my Fourth Reader. And when they hear my voice they will come. I have a pet kitten, and she is a smart one; she catches birds, chipmunks, squirrels, cottontails and jack rabbits.

We had school at home last winter. My brother's wife was our teacher, and we hope she will come here and teach us next winter, as we live too far away from our school house. We belong to the Albion Ward. I was baptized on Aug. 2. We all read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much.

Your new friend, from a lone place on Snake River,

ELSIE PETERSON, age nine.

THE SHADOW GIRL.

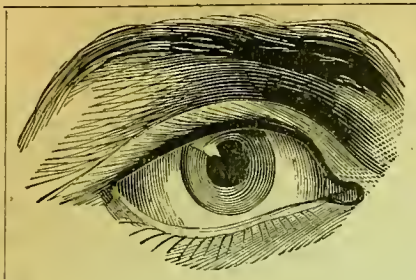
Wherever I go I always see
That ridiculous black girl following me;
Sometimes at my back, sometimes at my side,
She mounts a black pony whenever I ride.
She does not speak and she does not smile.
But sometimes she hides for a little while.

It's no use trying to drive her away,
Or to go and leave her; I tried today.
We got in the carriage and drove so fast
That I thought I was rid of the girl at last;
But when we jumped out and walked up the hill,
She jumped out, too, and she follows me still.

You needn't suppose that she looks like me,
She's just as different as she can be;
She's short in the morning, she's broad at noon,
And at night she is long, like a silver spoon.
I don't change like that, I grow and grow,
But it hardly shows, its so very slow.

I have to watch her quite closely, too,
Or she'd do some things she ought not to do.
She almost picked mama's rose to-day,
But when I saw her she ran away.
O dear! O dear! My head's in a whirl
With the pranks of that mischievous shadow girl.

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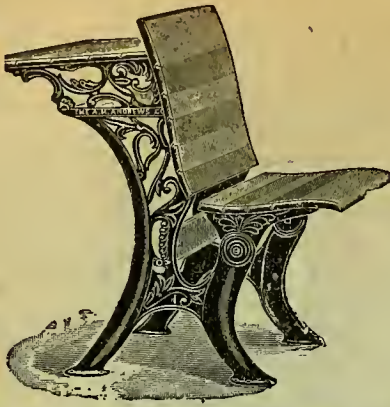
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